

# Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1883.

NO. 30.

FALL RIVER LINE

-FOR-

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SOUTH AND WEST.

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Connecting trains leave Boston from OLD COLONY DEPOT week days at 4.45, p.m. (Accommodation), 6 p.m. SPECIAL EXPRESS, through to steamer at Fall River in 75 minutes. 7 p.m. Standards.

Tickets and staterooms for sale at office of Line, 3 Old State House, and at Old Colony Station.

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**FREIGHT.**

This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates as low as other lines.

30July

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I have good pastures at Arlington Heights or East Lexington, with

Plenty of Shade, Good Water,

upland and lowland. I see all horses daily, but take them at risk of owners.

Price \$2.00 a week.

Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

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**Lexington and Boston Express.**

BOSTON OFFICE, 33 Court Square. Order box at Dr. Locke's, 42 Faneuil Hall Market, Old State House, Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Order at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W. Holbrook's.

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**New Store.**

Grocery on Pleasant Street,

ARLINGTON.

**CHOICE SELECTION**

—OF—

**STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES**

Next Door to Pleasant St. Market.

PEARSON'S

**Arlington Wheat Biscuit, Evaporated Apple and Peach, Canned Goods in Variety.**

Give us a call and see store and goods.

CASSIUS M. HALL.

**FAMILIES**

Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can have them left at their houses by leaving their orders at the Arlington Bakery.

Land for Sale.

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of access. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

ARTHUR O. GOTTL

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Post Office Building,

LEXINGTON.

I am prepared to give you as fine watch work as can be had in the State, including adjusting fine watches to heat, cold and isochronism.

ASA COTTRELL,

**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Takes acknowledgement of Deeds and affidavits to be used in other states, and admits to bail in civil and criminal cases.

27 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

A. P. SMITH,

Receiver of

**Fine Butter.**

Visits Arlington every Monday. Persons desiring fresh packages of finest butter can be supplied by addressing Box 220, Lexington.

Middlesex Fells.

Hon. Elizur Wright read an essay a week ago last Sunday morning in Investigator Hall on the "Relation of Animal and Vegetable Life." The paper had been read on another occasion as a lecture for the encouragement of raising a fund of \$300,000 to secure the "Middlesex Fells" enterprise, or for the creation of a 4000 acre forest park for the promotion of the health and moral improvement of the citizens of Boston for all future generations. He narrowed down his subject, and announced it in these words, "The relations of man to the tree." No subject, he said, is deemed of greater importance to health and the promotion of social enjoyment than the preservation of natural forests, when and where it can be done near a large city, for the good of that large class pertinently denominated "stay-at-homes," families who have not money to go abroad, and, therefore, would enjoy such a park as is proposed in the "Middlesex Fells." Mr. Wright is hopeful that this park in prospect shall be secured and become a delightful suburban retreat for the people of Boston and its vicinity.

Reunion of a Witch's Descendants.

The descendants of Rebecca Nourse, who was hanged as a witch, July 19, 1692, held a reunion at Tapleyville, in Danvers, on Wednesday. Could the sainted martyr have been alive Wednesday, and visited the old homestead in Danvers and heard the judgment pronounced by her descendants on her judges and murderers in 1692, and heard the praise bestowed on her humble self, she certainly would have been willing to go back and lie down once more with her fellow victims in eternal repose, satisfied that her own memory, and that of her enemies, had been justly dealt with. The reunion and picnic was held at the old homestead at Tapleyville, in Danvers. The old two-story lean-to house, in which Rebecca lived and from which she was taken to jail, is still standing, and is occupied by her descendants. About 200 people were present, the youngest being Ernest Nourse, of Lexington, one year of age last month, and the oldest, David Nourse, of Westboro, 85 years of age.

Can one imagine anything that would be more humiliating to Bismarck than for a marked copy of a Chinese newspaper to be sent him, in which it was stated that "von Bismarck, the prominent hog packer of America, has the gout." Yet as provoking a mistake was recently made by the German Ministry of Public Works, at Berlin, who stated that Hon. Allen G. Thurman, Elihu B. Washburne and Thomas M. Cooley, who served as referees in a certain railway dispute some months ago, "were three English railroad men, who were selected because of their learning and fitness, and who crossed the salt seas by request, to form an intelligent judgment on the spot, and then made a report to the two houses of parliament." This, bad as it is, however, is not quite equal to the mistake of those English papers, which represented R. B. Hayes, ex-president, as a Methodist local preacher, and stated that during a projected visit to Europe he would preach in a number of Wesleyan chapels. Such is fame.

R. T. REFUSE,

**BLACK SMITH.**

HORSESHEOING

—AND—

Carriage Manufacturing,

Light and Heavy Express, Market

and Manure Wagons,

Made to order, in a superior manner.

**SLEIGHS, PUNGS, ETC.**

SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.

20July

**NOTICE**

To Residents of Lexington

On and after Monday, July 23, my bread team will run to Lexington every day, Sundays with brown bread and beans, when ordered.

Families not having my call card can have one on application to the driver.

H. B. SPALDING, Agent for the Arlington Bakery, 20July

**Ice Cream**

By the Glass, Quart or Gallon,

Parties and picnics supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

H. B. SPALDING, AGT.

Arlington Bakery

20July

The Hills of Milton.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, with other members of the B. Y. M. C. Union, I richly enjoyed a ride in a barge through the new West Roxbury park and to the foot of the most prominent peak of the Blue Hills of Milton. The day was warm, with a good breeze from the west. The ride of two hours was fatiguing, but full of interest and picturesque. The pathway to the summit is a stony, rugged, gradual rise, easy of ascent, and was made on foot, three-quarters of a mile in thirty minutes. Though clear, it mist hung at the horizon, shutting off distant objects. A satisfactory view could not be obtained. The glass did not add thereto. Mt. Wachusett was only discernible in its outline. Mounts Wattatic, Monadnock, with other distant mountains usually seen, were not in sight. The gilded dome, dimly pushing through the haze, was all that could be discovered of the city. The ocean view, the charm of all, was shut off by the fog, or the sight was thereby made so dim as to tire the eye. The near cities, towns and villages, were clearly seen. The Neponset river, with its picturesque valley, famous as the fowl meadows, meandered for miles along our vision. Cattle, looking no larger than sheep, were grazing on its upland sections. The B. & P. Railroad passing alongside, crossing and re-crossing the river, with trains in motion, gave a pleasure to the eye.

Four years ago I found the outlook different. A panorama full of loveliness was spread before me. The sun was in full force, which, with intervening clouds, threw shadows upon the surface of the earth, like irregular patchwork, constantly changing and giving a peculiar charm to the vision. This continued for an hour, when the wind, which had been south, shifted to the west with a squall which passed apparently over the city, leaving the heavens cloudless, the sky serene, clear, the air invigorating, making a perfect day.

The summit is just far enough—eight hundred feet—from the ocean to give a bird's eye view of a radius of thirty miles, a circuit of one hundred and eighty miles. The eye loses itself in immensity at the boundless prospect. We are in Norfolk county, with portions of six other counties in view, and cities and towns embraced therein. We clearly see Mt. Wachusett, Monadnock, Wattatic, Prospect Hill, and other lesser ranges of mountains. Spires, large buildings, with cities, towns, villages, lakes and wooded regions are in every direction.

The most delightful charm is the look upon the fortifications, the islands, the lights, Nantasket Beach, the headlands, and beyond and around all these, the ocean, the bay with steamers and vessels under sail, and Nahant, Lynn, Marblehead, Cohasset, Scituate on the sea shore. Four hours were spent in carefully looking around this transcendently lovely panorama, with the eye and glass, noting the many objects of interest.

Fifty-seven years ago I ascended this same pathway. I now make the ascent with as much ease and comfort, and more appreciation of the wonderful and beautiful. Then the coast survey had a lookout of wood, about thirty feet in height. This altitude did not add to its richness or vastness. No trace of the lookout remains. The mountains, lakes, wooded region, Neponset Valley and the ocean are the same in all their majesty and grandeur.

Dedham Low Plain, now Hyde Park, then stretched, unbroken by railroads, two miles distant. It was a day of military display. The first division of Massachusetts Militia were assembled and formed in line on the plain, which contained all the enrolled militia in that division. There were then three in the State. The appearance of this large number of troops was very imposing as viewed from this spot. The troops were dismounted with their general, Crane, at being called together in division, and he was caricatured by a bird of that name on horseback. The last division muster on the plain 11 or 12 years later, had the first and only exhibition of the striped pig, six cents admission—an evasion of the liquor law.

There was then no sound of the steam whistle which now comes from the railroads which intertwine and wind around this range of hills. There were then no ocean steamers by which one could cross the ocean, and return at a certain day and hour, as has often been done. The flourishing town of Hyde Park, then not incorporated, contained a few farmhouses, and small factories with their attendant houses. No shaft then pierced the sky from Bunker Hill. No water standpipes presented their bright fronts. The city of Boston, ten miles distant, then the only city, where now we look upon five other cities, with two cities and several towns added to Boston. The Court House in Dedham with its dome was not then

erected. Strawberry Hill, Nantasket Beach, Hull, as watering places were unknown. There was no Minot's light to warn the mariner. Wollaston and Arlington Heights were then unoccupied,—and so we might go on in enumeration.

There are those now living who state that from this peak the naval battle in Massachusetts Bay, in 1812, between the warships Chesapeake and Shannon was plainly seen by a large number of citizens and their families, who anxiously awaited the result.

It cannot be that the pleasure attending a visit to this peak is known to the public, it is so little visited. We should expect to find large numbers flocking thither and looking about upon its distant mountains, nearer ranges, lovely hills and valleys, lakes, streams, wooded region, the ocean in all its majesty, the city of Boston, with its gilded dome and spires, so brilliant in the sun, other cities and towns glistening and sparkling, with spires rising heavenward, spread out on this vast extent of country. The whole presents a sublime and extensive panorama of the land and ocean, which cannot be excelled, if equalled, in this or any other hemisphere.

We retired from its meditation, absorbed in its immensity, in the wonderful works of nature, in the advancement of art and science in this progressive age. It leaves a remembrance that will not fade.

May all who live within its sight, or know of it, have the inclination and be enabled to visit this easy of ascent and renowned hill.

#### OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

##### Traders' Excursion.

So Arlington is to have a traders' excursion. During the past week Mr. Geo. L. Pierce, of Pleasant street market, has interested himself in the project, and secured most of the traders of Arlington as signers to the petition to close their places of business on a day that would be most convenient to the majority, and join in a grand excursion to some place of interest. Not a little interest was awakened, in consequence of which a meeting was called, which was held in the Wm. Penn Hose House, Tuesday evening. A large number were present, thus showing their readiness to take hold and lend a helping hand to make the excursion a success. The meeting organized by choosing Mr. G. L. Pierce as president, and Mr. C. M. Hall as treasurer and secretary. A short discussion ensued as to where they should go and at what date, but it was thought advisable, after talking the matter over, to choose a competent committee who should have the entire charge of the whole business arrangement. A committee consisting of the president, G. L. Pierce, and the treasurer and secretary, C. M. Hall, with C. W. Bastine, F. P. Winn, Charles Gott, Frank Rogers and Frank Cobb, were chosen.

Second meeting of the traders is to be held next Monday evening, at the Wm. Penn Hose house, when the committee will give a report of the work assigned to each, so that the meeting will be able to complete and make final arrangements. These excursions have been held in most of the neighboring towns with marked success, and there is no reason why one well arranged and under so competent a committee should not prove a grand success for Arlington.

A new disease is prevalent in town, tax colic.

The sewers in the centre of the town were cleaned out Thursday morning.

Mrs. G. M. Morse, with a party of children spent a delightful day in the woods on Wednesday.

Monday Mr. Clark took a pleasant family party to Chelsea for the day, in his barge "Jumbo."

Don't forget the meeting of the traders next Monday evening, at William Penn Hose house.

Monday evening the Knights of Honor met in Reynolds' Hall. The attendance was somewhat larger than usual.

Rev. Charles Anderson, of Burlington, will preach in Union Hall, Arlington Heights, next Sunday, at 10.30, a. m.

The refuse matter, which has been gathering in the gutters on either side of the Avenue for some time, was cleaned out Saturday.

Rev. C. H. Watson, pastor of the Baptist church, started for Hamilton, New York, Monday morning, where he will spend his vacation of the month of August. In his absence the pulpit will be furnished with supplies.

Sunday, July 29, the pulpit of the Pleasant street Congregational church will be occupied by Rev. Perley Davis, of Hyde Park.

Rev. E. K. Chandler, pastor of the Broadway church, Cambridge, will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church on Sunday.

Work is progressing rapidly on Arlington Mills, which were recently burnt to the ground. It is expected that the work will be completed in about ten days.

There is a family of five persons not far away who ate twenty-six cucumbers in two days. They are still alive and one

## LIFE.

A baby in its mother's arms,  
A little girl with various charms;  
A tender maiden, young and fair,  
A lover with his nut-brown hair,  
A woman married with so much care;  
A mother with a darling child,  
A mother with tender looks and mild;  
An old lady with a wrinkled brow,  
A newly dug grave in the frosted ground,  
Sighing winds with a murmuring sound—  
Such is life."

—Springfield Republican.

## HOW THEY CAME HOME.

It was not much like a wedding—that is, a happy one. It was in the old stone house on Quackatog Hill, where the Palmers had lived time out of mind; one generation after another moving out to the graveyard a little higher on the hillside, where the long grass waved and nearly hid the tombstones of John, or Daniel, as the case might be—and Hannah, "His wife," and Lois, his wife, and Abigail, his wife.

It was a good omen that the sun shone—the hills and valleys in front of the old homestead were golden green in its rays, and the water of the Sound fairly glistened toward far away Block Island.

Through the windows of the parlor came the smell of mignonette and the old fashioned Southern wood. No flowers had been gathered to make the wedding gay, but the nasturtiums crawling all over the old stone wall tossed their bright heads and looked in while Elder Howe made of this wain one flesh.

None but the elder had good wishes for Mary Palmer and Robert Churchill except, indeed, little lame Danny, who had been his sister's pet, and who clung to her hand. They were well matched in appearance. Mary, with a fair, refined face, down which some very bitter and unbridelike tears were stealing, and Robert, with clear, honest eyes and the broad chin that betokens strength and decision of character.

What was the trouble? It was the love of money. As young Churchill had no farm, present or prospective, he was in old Daniel Palmer's mind no match for his daughter. Then, too, his father had been poor. "Never had no faculty for getting ahead," Grandpa Palmer said; so when he died, soon followed by his wife, the boy was left with only enough to give him a good common-school education, and take care of him until he could take care of himself, for which he early showed a disposition.

Mary and Robert had been lovers from childhood; hand in hand they had gone to school, long summer afternoons they had spent gathering blueberries in the rocky pastures, and their engagement might have developed into the old-fashioned twenty-years' waiting had it not been for the appearance on the stage of old Peter Stanton, who, having mourned two months for his second wife, thought Mary Palmer a good one to succeed her.

As he was strongly favored by the family, poor Mary's life was made miserable, until Robert, who could ill endure seeing her unhappy, or the contempt with which he was treated, proposed that they should marry immediately, and was so determined that he carried the day, old Daniel granting that they might be married in his house, but declaring that no darter of his who would rather marry a beggar than a well-to-do man should have a cent of his money. No wedding preparations were made, and Mary, putting in order her few dresses, and remembering that when her sister married the stupid son of a neighboring farmer that much was given her, and all helped, felt bitterly that she was unjustly treated.

They were to go to a neighboring village for a week, and, as the wagon which was to take them to the depot rattled up to the door, the father strode moodily away. George, the "ne'er-do-well" son in whom the heart of the mother was bound, had not honored the marriage with his presence. Mary, leaving a good-bye for him, and kissing the others, turned to her mother, and flung her arms round her neck. "Oh! mother," she said, "you will be glad to see me when I come back—won't you?" For a moment the mother's lips trembled, and she kissed her daughter warmly; then, hardening again, she said: "Of course, Mary, we shall be glad to see you, but as you have made your bed you must lie in it. You could have pleased us all." Mary turned, and with one hand held by her husband and the other by her faithful little brother, went down the walk and out of the gate. It was years before she entered it again, then, laying her hand upon it, there came vividly back the feeling of being shut out from home by a flaming sword.

When a few miles from home these young people began to talk of their future. As Mary said "When we go back—" Robert gayly interrupted her. "But will we go back; why need we go back, Mary?" And as she looked bewildered, he continued: "I have thought much about it. They have been unkind and unjust to us. With my best efforts it will be years before I can make a home for you as good as the one I have taken you from, and if I fail it would be to hear 'I told you so' on all sides. Let us go away from them all and fight the battle of life. Others have succeeded; why cannot we?"

"But where shall we go?" faltered Mary.

"Go? Where shall we go? The world is wide, and it is mine oyster. Are we such dull knives—oh, I forgot Elder Howe made us one—that we cannot open it? Here is a railway-guide; let us open and decide. Through train to Chicago. Well, let us go to Chicago; perhaps there will be room for just one more couple. I have a hundred dollars; it won't go far, but

we are young and well, and I will succeed."

"And I," sighed Mary, "have a ten dollar gold-piece that grandma gave me for a lucky penny. She said she should have left me her money if I had married a 'likely man.'"

"Let us hope," said Robert, with a happy laugh, "that I shall be likely not to need her money. And whether we go back or not let us promise each other that we will never ask help from your people. We will starve first! But this imminent question of our life must be decided soon, and you must decide it, my darling, for you have all the sacrifices to make. I have my promise not to speculate."

"If I trust you, can you trust yourself?" she asked.

"I'll try for a while," he said, but the late hours and abstracted manner still continued, and Mary was glad, though it was the first separation when he was sent into the country by the firm for a week.

It was near their anniversary, and she gave up the place, and devoted the time and money to making their home more comfortable. She rented a small adjoining room for a kitchen—the bare walls and floor of parlor and dining-room had long been an eyesore to her. Now they were prettily papered and carpeted. In the parlor was a large, handsome rug, a folding-bed, soft lounge-chairs, a table with a pretty cover made by Mary during some of the lonely evenings she had spent, full lace curtains, and upon the walls bookshelves, and, with some pretty engravings, the portrait of Robert's mother nicely framed, and a photograph of the old house on the hill. Through the curtained door of the dining-room could be seen the neat-table, for which she had prepared a dinner as much like their vision of Duke Humphrey's as possible, and at Robert's plate lay his anniversary present—a plain gold wedding-ring like her own.

Many times Mary walked through the rooms thinking how pretty and home-like they looked before Robert came; then it was with such a slow step, and he was so pale and heavy-looking that she was frightened. He admired everything in a forced sort of way, but at dinner could eat nothing, and his hands trembled.

"It is no use, Mary, I cannot eat; I must tell you. Come over on this grand new lounge. I cannot have you so far from me while I tell you what I can hardly believe myself."

"Go on, Robert, and tell me," faltered Mary. "We can bear it I am sure."

"Bear it! You dear little goose—it is nothing bad—it is so good it has nearly turned my brain. You know I have been working extra hours, and at night it was for extra pay, and when I got it I took my life in my hand and went to Mr. Love. I told him I had the dearest little wife in the world—who had left all for me—I wanted to give her as good a home as the one I had taken her from. I could do it if he would tell me what to do with what I held in my hand—it was very little."

"He looked at me a moment and said he would. Think of it, Mary. That man, with all those vast interests at stake, to consider a poor beggar like me. They talk against him for running corners. I just hope he and his whole family will be prospered all their lives. I came in town yesterday evening. He tol me to sell lard, I sold it all day long; last night we worked all night in the office. To-day I sold lard until noon, when he told me to buy it. To-night the deal was closed out, and oh! Mary," said the poor fellow, crying like a child with excitement, "the result is \$8,000 to our credit. And what does that mean for us? It means a good home for you, Mary—it means something for a rainy day for you—it means a business for me—it means that Danny shall come to us to be educated; and it is all the work of that good man. No wonder his name is Love—for he loves his fellow-men and helps them."

When a little calmer Robert took from his pocket a case. "I forgot; here is your anniversary present," and opening it she saw beautiful diamond earrings.

"For me! and to wear on the fifth floor of a Clark street boarding-house! Robert, you are insane."

"I think I am a little wild—but you have been so sweet and patient—I would like to jewel the very tongue that has only uttered words of encouragement."

"Then, indeed," hysterically laughed Mary, "I should have to dine with Duke Humphrey in future!"

After Robert went away to look for work the next morning Mary followed him on the same errand. For several days she went from place to place seeking unsuccessfully for work, until at last she was given a place in a dressmaker's shop where she would be paid a dollar a day. She was reflecting with gratitude that upon this small amount they could live, and be independent when Robert rushed in, flung his hat in the air, and declared that their fortunes were made. He had a place in the office of a Mr. Love at \$50 a month. "You were right, Mary, it was the unlucky old penny. I paid it away in paying the rent, and now we are all right. But the busines—Oh! Mr. Love is on the board of trade; deals in hogs and lard."

"But if you are there, won't you gamble away our bread and dinner?" laughingly asked Mary.

"Well, I don't think I shall speculate heavily on what is left of \$50, after the living is paid, but I will promise not to at all—until you say I may."

As Mary laid awake that night for pure joy over their brightened prospects, she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to tell Robert of her engagement to go to work the next morning. She concluded not to tell him; it would only dampen his happiness, and she must keep her word and go, if only for a few weeks. Then, too, she had a plan for their anniversary, and this would enable her to execute it. There could be no wrong in such a secret.

At Christmas-time Mary wrote home, and sent some little gifts to each, but the only answer was from little Danny, who wrote that all were well, but that George had done some

thing "bad," and that father was very angry; "but I love you best of all, my dear sister, and send my love to my brother." After the holidays there came into this clear sky some more clouds. Robert worked early and late, often until late in the night. He grew moody and thoughtful, and finally asked Mary to give him back his promise not to speculate.

"If I trust you, can you trust yourself?" she asked.

"I'll try for a while," he said, but the late hours and abstracted manner still continued, and Mary was glad, though it was the first separation when he was sent into the country by the firm for a week.

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"Then, indeed," hysterically laughed Mary, "I should have to dine with Duke Humphrey in future!"

The next day was Sunday, and no more thankful hearts ever entered a church than these. Going home through the quiet streets that lovely June morning they met two portly and well-to-do citizens, one of whom said: "The whole effect of the corner business is demoralizing." "Yes," answered the other, "bad, bad for every one." Two pairs of happy eyes met each other's sympathetically, and a soft voice murmured out: "I say, blessed be the lard corner!"

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"The whole effect of the corner business is demoralizing." "Yes," answered the other, "bad, bad for every one." Two pairs of happy eyes met each other's sympathetically, and a soft voice murmured out: "I say, blessed be the lard corner!"

Six years afterward Mr. and Mrs. Robert Churchill revisited their home, the fame of Mr. Churchill as a successful business man having preceded him. He received the warmest kind of a welcome, and his two pretty children, and their sweet and gracious mother, her dresses and her diamonds, won unqualified admiration. They appeared to concern themselves very little about it, acting like a pair of lovers, and going again together through the fields to the old schoolhouse.

One evening as Mary waited in the parlor of the old stone house for her husband, Grandma Palmer said:

"Mary, I never thought your husband would turn out such a likely man. He is a good deal better than George, who took all that money, and your father had to sell this old house, that the Palmers had lived in so many hundred years, to pay it. I am going to leave you my money."

"Yes," said her father, who sat near with his wife, "we were hard on you, Mary, and I have been sorry."

"Grandma," replied Mary, "you were unjust to my husband, for he was good. I could hardly forgive it. We do not need your money. Give it to

your niece, Phebe Stillman, and let her marry the man she has loved so long, and do not worry about the house; when it was sold Robert bought it, and, when father and mother do not need it, Danny shall have it; it will stay in the family at least one generation longer. And, father," she said, turning toward him with an expression unusual to her, and in which the shrewd eyes of the old man saw his own pride and strong will mirrored, "I am sorry, too, but most sorry for you. You hurt me more than you knew. You sent me out of my home; and now my life is so complete and happy that I do not need it; but it has taught me a lesson. Danny's and my children's home shall always be the dearest place to the two. We cannot afford to lose the love of our children in our old age, can we, Robert?" and, stretching out her hand to him, they stood there, seven years before, they were married. They had gone forth weeping, but had returned bringing their sheaves with them.—Chicago Tribune.

## Clairvoyance.

Almost every physician, during the course of his professional life, hears stories regarding clairvoyance. Some individual has had a vision or dreamed a dream which is subsequently found to have represented, most marvelously, actual objects or persons that were at the time far away.

An organization in London has been investigating the alleged phenomena of this class, endeavoring to apply scientific methods to their study. The *Nineteenth Century* and the *Forty-ninth Review* have at different times published some of the results of this work. Quite recently the latter journal has published an article by Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Frederick W. M. Myers, claiming very positively that the mind may at certain times be capable of receiving impressions through other channels than those of the various senses; in other words, that the so-called clairvoyance is an actual physiological fact. As an example of the class of phenomena alleged to be real, we append the following:

"One Sunday night last winter, at 1 a. m., I wished strongly to communicate the idea of my presence to two friends, who resided about three miles from the house where I was staying. When I next saw them, a few days afterward, I expressly refrained from mentioning my experiment; but in the course of conversation one of them said, 'You would not believe what a strange night we spent last Sunday,' and then recounted that both the friends had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was vivid enough to wake them completely, and they both looked at their watches, and found it to be exactly 1 o'clock." (One of these friends has supplied independent testimony to this circumstance.)

We have ventured to furnish our readers this account of the work of these gentlemen because of the strong endorsement that has been given to it, and because of its important physiological and pathological significance. If it could be proved that the mind can perceive through other agencies than the senses, it would establish a fact which would antagonize the present physiological theories (based upon evolution) of the development of these senses; for it is now believed that they were developed in order to enable the animal to adapt himself to his environment. They were made by the environment primarily, rather than for it, and in the history of animal evolution there are absolutely no data which enable us to account for the development of a supersensual perceptive power.—*Medical Record*.

## Origin of State Fairs.

The present system of fairs and cattle shows originated with Elkanah Watson, an Albany merchant, about 1810. His application to Boston for guarantee funds was met by ex-President Adams with a terse rebuff: "You will get no aid from Boston. Commerce, literature, theology, medicine, the university and university politics are all against you." Nevertheless the more liberal legislature of New York in 1819 appropriated \$10,000 a year for six years, to be divided among its counties for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures. In 1818, several months before the passage of this act, several of the most prominent citizens of Washington county met in the court-house at Sandy Hill and organized a county agricultural society. The first recorded fair was held in Salem in 1822, with entries for premiums, a plowing match, "plowmen in white frocks," and an address delivered in the church. Fairs on a less scale had been held every year before this in Argyle, Greenwich, Hebron, Granville, Whitehall and Kingsbury. The prizes were small and the rewards scanty. The whole awards numbered scarcely 100.

## Winnings of Great Trotters.

Goldsmith Maid captured 121 races, and won for her owner \$364,200 during her trotting career. The actual profit she brought to her owner is said to foot up \$246,750. American Girl won forty-nine races, gathering \$118,100 for her owners, Karus won sixty-three races, winning \$14,950. Judge Fullerton won thirty-two races before his winnings amounted to \$102,085. Flora Temple won \$90,000 in eighty-six races, and Lady Thorne \$79,575 in forty-one races. But the millions of dollars lost on horses not quite as fast as the above is seldom thought of or considered by those who imagine that there is a great deal of money to be made in raising fast trotters. The prizes are few, the blanks very numerous.—*New York Sun*.

Eggs that have been packed in lime look stained, and show the action of the lime on the surface.

If an egg is clear and golden in appearance, when held to the light it is good; if dark and spotted it is bad.

The badness of an egg may sometimes be told by shaking it near the holder's ear, but the test is a dangerous one.

With the aid of hands a piece of paper rolled in funnel shape and held toward the light, the human eye can look through an egg, shell and all.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

A crocodile shuts its jaws with a force of 1,540 pounds.

It is said that 2,450 watches are manufactured in this country every working day in the year.

There is a man in Bucksport, Me., whose name is Esrom Morse, whether spelled backward or

## THE BAD BOY AND HIS GIRL.

HE TAKES HER ON AN EXCURSION TO THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

After Numerous Adventures They Return in a Dilapidated Condition—Meeting With a Warm Reception from Her Pa.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy as he came in the store all broke up the morning after the 4th of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice-box to cool his back, which had been having trouble with a bunch of firecrackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat sent to our house?" We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where that cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of firecrackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in tea. Now you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the 4th of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up now, was you asleep all the forenoon, the 4th, while other boys were cele- rating, or did you scorch my cat?" And the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty of sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him sometime. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have mauled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night makes five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so that he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back on me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the 4th, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather stay in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the 4th of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the sawdust off some bottles of peppersauce that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No,—not with her," said the boy as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of firecrackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home, she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the 4th of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldiers' Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably, was to get out real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree, to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked me what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat, and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off her own hair was a straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree, to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm around her and told her never to mind the accidents, cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol-pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of firecrackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she

was. Her dress was one of those mosquito bar, cheese-cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her put out, my coat-tail and trousers were a total loss. My, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fireman that had fell through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home and I took her home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are offish thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fireworks, and that he could bring in a bill against the government, and I showed him how I was bereaved of a coat-tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was a pine-driver sure, and when I got over the fence and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and I sat up with him, cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick room and maul a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious Fourth of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or retail my coat?" Hereafter I am a rebel." —*Milwaukee Sun.*

### A Break on the Mississippi.

The river all through the bright moonlight night had quietly lapped the edges of the embankment, the surface being quite serene. As the storm neared, however, the surface roughened, and from far over the Missouri side the wrinklings began to crawl across the surface, deepening as they came. The night-workers knew that this meant danger, and by common consent they moved, halting only when they reached places where the ground back of the dike was high enough to brace the earthworks reasonably well. By this time the first gush came, and it was followed by another and another, the bosom of the old Father heaved and there was a long swash against the bank, which made the earth tremble and dashed spray up over the top of the dike. George Hoeve and another reckless laborer stood far out where the dike was most dangerous, and their friends yelled to them to come away quick or they would be caught. Almost as the warning was given the mischief began, for down about the lowest point of the little valley, and just at the line where the dike began to rise, the ground suddenly gave way and a volume of water about the size of a barr spouted through the wall of clay and out into the low ground. A couple of scrub oaks were close to the spot and the water striking their roots with great force was thrown high up as by a fountain. A second later the opening had increased to ten times its original size and the volume completely enveloped the scrub oaks. Two seconds more and the earth above all crumbled and sank down into the gap, being carried out into the lowlands with a power that was apparently irresistible. Meanwhile the flood was pouring through the gap with a roar that could be heard a mile distant, and the walls of either side were being rapidly eaten away. In less than ten minutes after the first small opening at the bottom of the dike appeared, there was a gap 200 feet wide, through which a volume of water twelve feet deep was running. This had continued for two hours, and an immense roaring river was moving through wheat fields and potato patches two miles away, when a second gap, a hundred yards further south, opened with a roar, and added a second flood to the first. The workmen stood and watched the sublime scene for a time, and then they began to hurry off in ones and twos to carry the news of the break to the anxious people inland.

### A Palace of Delight.

An English paper says: On the Herrenfinsel, in the Chiemsee, at the entrance to the Bavarian Tyrol the king of Bavaria has been for the last six years building a palace-villa which rumor says will surpass in splendor, comfort, elegance, and almost in artistic perfection, all other royal residences in the world. The main building has been some time completed including the great banqueting-room, (which is thirty feet longer than that at Versailles), the reception-hall and state apartments. But additional buildings are being erected, the ornamental grounds are being enlarged & rearranged continually, the system of water supply is being improved or extended—so that it would be impossible to estimate when the work will be judged to be fully completed. Five hundred workmen are constantly employed from the beginning of spring far into the autumn. The principal building has been completely furnished. The resources of art have been taxed to the utmost, the very door-handles and window-fastenings being of exquisite design and workmanship. There is an abundance of beautiful wood-carving. And if the walls are not clothed with paintings like those in the Doge's palace at Venice, they are lined with most beautiful and costly marbles. The palace is not visible from any of the neighboring roads or places accessible to the ordinary traveler, the site having been chosen so as to secure complete privacy. It is a pity it was not built on the ruins of the adjacent old monastery, whence it would have commanded a complete view of a glorious landscape.

## THE DEADLY SCREW WORM.

### A CATTLE PEST WHICH ATTACKS HUMAN BEINGS.

How the Terrible Insect Burrows Into the Fleas of Men and Cattle—A Man's Terrible Death in Kansas.

Frank Wilkeson, in a letter from the far West to the New York *Sun*, says: On the plains of Texas, where countless wild cattle feed, and where the air is dry and pure, lives an insect known as the screw-worm fly. It is small and active. This fly is the terror of the Texas cattle. The long-horned brutes are quarrelsome. The males fight savagely, sometimes to the death. The females are far from being peaceful animals. A fight between hot-blooded Texas cattle generally terminates in one of the animals being severely wounded. As the smell of the blood drifts down the winds, which ceaselessly blow on the plains, it attracts the screw flies, and they course through the air, eagerly following the trail, anxious to deposit their eggs in the wound. These flies do not aught in depositing their eggs, but as they fly rapidly and closely to the injured animal, which evinces the utmost terror when the buzz of doom fills the air, they drop a glutinous substance which adheres to the wound. The eggs, to the number of hundreds, are contained in this substance. It is said by the Texas cattle breeders that the eggs hatch in twenty-four hours. Promptly on hatching the worms burrow into the flesh of the living animals. More flies deposit eggs. More screw worms are hatched. They also burrow into the flesh. A succession of crops of screw worms follows rapidly, and the unfortunate animal is devoured alive, as they honeycomb the flesh. The cattle, unable to endure the pain, become crazy and roam the prairies, dangerous members of bovine society, until death lays his kind hand on them. I have been informed by the cattle breeders who graze their stock on the staked plains that the animals seem to realize the danger they are in when wounded, and have been known to seek safety in flight; but that the flies follow the scent in the air as hounds follow a fox, and the wounded animals are generally overtaken.

The screw worm is a little over half an inch long. It is corrugated and exceedingly hard. When put under the point of a knife and pressed upon the worm slips from under the steel and flies through the air as though made of rubber. Imagine a white half-inch screw having a pointed black head instead of the usual slotted one. That is a fair representation of the screw worm.

For years Texas cattle have been driven to Kansas to feed on the grasses of the plains lying in the arid belt. For years they have been driven to the northern portion of the Indian Territory to graze on the untaxed ranges of that great grazing land. Until last year there was no trouble in Kansas from screw worms. The stories told by Texas drivers of the suffering of cattle on the southern ranges made but little impression on the men of Kansas. That these flies would ever follow the Texas cattle up the trails to the comparatively northern country of Kansas, was unsuspected by the most giddy-minded people. Even if suspected, they never in the most appalling flights of their dark imaginations, thought that the flies would change their habits, and select the nostrils of human beings to deposit their eggs in, but such is the case.

It is probable that the long continued southwest winds of last summer wafted the flies from the vicinity of the herds feeding south of Dodge City into the more thickly settled portions of Kansas. At any rate, the mature flies were far east of the "deal line," and far north of the Arkansas river during a portion of last summer. Several persons were attacked by screw worms. One of the cases that terminated fatally was fully reported in the *Kansas and Missouri Valley Medical Index*. It is worthy of note. The patient had long suffered from ozena. On the evening of August 22, 1882, this man complained of a tickling sensation at the base of the nose, that was promptly followed by exhaustive sneezing. This in its turn was followed by intense pain in the region of the eyes and cheeks. The physician in attendance mistakingly supposed that the pain was the result of ozena. The discharge from the nostrils was purulent and tinged with blood, and exceedingly offensive. The breath of the patient was revolting. It may be that his condition was so exceedingly offensive that the attending physician did not make an examination that would have revealed the presence of the disturbing cause. For two days the man suffered intense pain. All remedies administered failed to give relief. On the evening of the 24th of August there was a sudden and profuse discharge from the nostrils and the mouth. Instantly all pain ceased. There was no longer any involuntary discharge. The pus was with difficulty expectorated. The soft palate had been destroyed, and the tongue could no longer be used in speech. When this stage of the disease had been reached, a screw worm, much to the astonishment of the attending physician, fell from the mouth of the dying man. One after another, in obedience to the laws of their nature, full-grown screw worms wriggled from his nostrils and mouth until 800 of them crawled from the honeycombed head and throat. The man died. An examination showed that the fleshy part of the interior of his head had been almost devoured. By throwing back the head and depressing the swollen tongue, the vertebrae were exposed to view.

The second case occurred at Salina, Kansas. On the 23d of August Dr. R. E. Switzer, of that town, was called to attend a woman suffering from a severe pain across the bridge of the nose. This pain shot in throbs into

the cheeks, and much resembled an attack of tic douloureux. After a careful examination of the case the doctor was unable to explain the cause of the pain. Again he examined the patient. In the left nostril he saw a small corrugated ball that was apparently revolving slowly. This ball resembled a tiny walnut. The doctor saw an occasional pointed black head protrude from the writhing mass. Promptly he administered chloroform to the woman. With the aid of a forceps he removed sixty-five worms. From the time of the discovery of the worms until the last was removed two days passed. In this short time, though the worms were sluggish from the effects of the chloroform, they had sufficient vigor to destroy the partition of the nose. This woman fully recovered. Several other cases occurred in Kansas last year.

As far as I can learn all the people who were attacked had catarrh, a disease very prevalent on the wind-swept plains west of the Missouri river. It is highly probable that the fully developed flies, when moving through the air in search of places to deposit their eggs, struck a catarrhal trail, followed it to its source, and deposited their eggs in the nostrils of the unfortunate while they slept. They might easily drop their eggs into the nostrils of persons lying down, even if they were awake.

Physicians are awaiting the developments this summer with great interest. The sensitiveness of the mucous membrane narrowly limits the remedies that can safely be applied. Carbolic acid, if weakened sufficiently to be used without injuring the membrane, has no effect on the hard, corrugated worms. Kerosene oil has proved effectual. It instantly kills the worms. This oil will kill any insect. If the worms, through the ignorance of the physicians, are allowed to remain undisturbed for several days, it is exceedingly doubtful if any remedy can reach them. It may be that an enormously strong man could endure the pain and could rally from the exhaustion following intense physical suffering until the worms feeding on his flesh arrived at perfect maturity and crawled from their burrows to screw themselves into the ground, from which they emerge as flies in about ten days. I doubt, however, if any man living has sufficient vitality to live through an attack by screw worms.

### A Natural Sea-Wall.

Along the New Hampshire sea-coast, in the towns of Rye and North Hampton, stretches a curious and massive formation, which at first sight appears as if built at enormous expenditure of time and labor. On closer examination, however, it proves to be only one of Ocean's eccentric freaks, executed in this case with almost human intelligence and care.

A sea-wall, compactly formed of water-worn pebbles of all sizes shapes and materials, runs along the beach for about six miles, here and there broken by rocky points, and little inlets, somewhat modified by its situation, but preserving with astonishing regularity several remarkable features. In places it is so high and wide that one can hardly believe it anything but a carefully constructed dike, designed to shelter the adjoining fields. Along part of its extent, where it separates the ocean from an extensive salt-marsh, it is utilized by the farmers of the neighborhood for a cart-road. Along another stretch, a plank walk surrounds it for half a mile.

It first appears in the form of a low wall composed of three terraces, near Little Boar's Head, in the town of North Hampton, thirty rods south of the slight projection known on the charts as Fox Hill Point. This portion of the wall is only about twenty rods in length, and seems much like a stone facing to the steep beachward slope. Some forty rods north of the point it reappears, this time in the form of a large and compact dike, and extends along the water-line in a crescent form for at least fifty rods, terminating at a small cove direc- tory east of the well-known Farragut house.

This section of the wall is by far the most symmetrical and characteristic, and is the one selected for a more detailed examination and description. Beyond this point the wall runs with occasional breaks to its northern terminus without presenting any novel features.—*Louis Bell, in Popular Science Monthly.*

### You Are a Liar.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. One day we were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know any thing about the ravenous nature of them potato-bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potato bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven. Waiting around the potato patch for the second crop!" exclaimed Old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes. I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potato bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potatoes for next year. I did, by gosh!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer and not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank, he exclaimed:

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand, he inquired with a puzzled look:

"When did you get acquainted with me?"

## A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE.

### THE CRUEL WAY OF EXECUTING ROYAL PERSONS IN EGYPT.

Cubbing the Princesses Across the Throat and the Princes Across the Neck—Dismal Without Execution.

We make the following extract from a letter sent from Burmali to the Philadelphia *Press*: I asked my companion whether many executions took place here now, and he replied: "There have been none for several weeks, because the palace intrigues have kept everybody in authority too busy scheming, plotting and planning to allow them to get up a public execution; but not many months ago I saw a band of a score or more men and women murdered on this sanguinary hillock. Some of the victims had royal blood in them, and they were not butchered in the common way. Imagine to yourself a princess charmingly dressed in silks and jewels, with flowers intertwined in her jet-black hair, being pushed or goaded up this hill. The crowd of spectators clustered in the rice-fields there, or, perched upon the roofs of the houses you see peeping forth among the mango trees over against our extreme right, set up a shout. It is not a shout of pity or mercy. It is merely one of holiday excitement. It is like the murmur you might hear once at Newgate when the felon appeared upon the scaffold, or in the Place de Greve when the victim's head was laid on the block beneath the guillotine. The sun is pouring down its brightest rays, which appear to concentrate with their greatest brightness on this hillock. One executioner unbends the girl's raven hair, throws the pretty flowers away, twists a tress of it round his hands, and pulls her head violently backward. Another executioner grasps a bamboo bludgeon with both hands. One two three! He swings it in the air, and down it falls upon that outstretched throat. One, two, three! and again it strikes the poor, gasping victim on the same place. The body falls lifeless, though still quivering. The princess is dead. Her body is cast aside disdainfully.

"Then look at this other group of men hustling a handsome young Burmali in their midst—hauling at him, tugging at him, to get him to the summit of the mound. He also is of royal blood. Pride of race and that disregard for death which buoys up your true Buddhist as strongly as does the fatalism of the Wahabee, presumes in his deportment. He has flung something away over among the crowd. It is only his cheroot. He has done with it, and long before the brown urchin who has picked it up will have blown the last embers from it, the spark of life of its original owner will have joined the elements, and one more Buddhist soul will have started off on its vast career of transmigration. See, he stands there cool and collected, his profile a clear, dark outline against the unclouded sky. A high cheek-boned executioner seizes his long black hair in front and pulls his head forward until his chin adjoins his breast. The second executioner grasps his hands, grasps his bamboo club firmly, and—whish! whish! The Judge hisses through the air and falls on the nap of the neck of the victim. He falls forward on his face, the first executioner still holding on the hair. A second blow on the back of the neck, while the man lies prostrate, settles the matter. An experienced touch on the red and bruised neck tells the executioner that the vertebra is broken and that life has fled. Once more the body is spurned aside, and more victims are dragged up the hill. But these latter are only common victims and are killed in a common way."

I venture to ask my friend what he calls common killing. He explains: "According to the Burmese law royal blood must not be shed. This injunction is literally obeyed, for while the women are clubbed across the throat and the men across the neck, no blood is spilt. The common people may be executed in any way. On the morning of the 24th of August, this section of the wall was by far the most symmetrical and characteristic, and is the one selected for a more detailed examination and description. Beyond this point the wall runs with occasional breaks to its northern terminus without presenting any novel features.—*Louis Bell, in Popular Science Monthly.*

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MARRIAGES AND DEATHS—free.	

## VACATION SCRIBBLINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Such a renewal of vigor has come to me with a change of scene and rest from care, that what was an irksome task only a few days ago now comes as a sort of recreation, and my pen runs easily along with the flow of the thought that recalls the route by which I came here. I was wondering this morning how many of the thousands on thousands who daily sail through East River into Long Island Sound, or out upon the ocean, realize that down under the waters close at hand, are scores of workmen with drills and dynamite and all the modern appliances of excavation, completing the work of making broader and deeper the channel through the famous "Hurl Gate," so that the full tide of ocean travel can one day use this shorter gateway to and from the metropolis of America. Already much has been accomplished, so that the track of the sound steamers is now directly over the place where only a few years ago was a dangerous ledge of rock. Some of our readers will remember the grand explosion, on the 4th of July, a few years ago, when these acres of rock were buried in the excavation patiently carried on through many previous years.

As the great steamer of the Fall River line sailed over the spot, last week, with myself as one of the passengers, I could not help watching with interest the men just resuming work at the coffer-dams on either side, and paying a tribute to the energy and enterprise of a people hindered by no natural obstacles nor dismayed by barriers however seemingly insurmountable, of which this work was an example.

There is little in the frame work that rises above the shaft on "Flood Rock," the present point of active operations, to suggest the extent of excavations below—the immense piles of debris lying about are more likely to do this,—yet neither would attract special attention. It is a fact, however, as I learned on enquiring, that the principal work of gallery building under this immense ledge of rock is completed,—the longest gallery being 1100 feet in length, and that the various galleries branch out through an area nearly nine acres in extent, and most of them thirty feet high. A place for dumping the vast amount of stone dug out in making these galleries is found between Flood Rock and Blackwell's Island, where is a great depression in the river, originally over 200 feet deep. My informant says work is carried on constantly, by means of relays of help, who live mostly on Long Island, and are conveyed back and forth in a ferry boat. The mules, of which there are a large number used in hauling the rock from the galleries to the hoisting well, live in the mine, which is furnished with its blacksmith shop and other work rooms.

The power used in driving the drills is compressed air, and the steam engines which drive the compressors run night and day. The principal trouble to the miners is from the water which flows in through seams in the rock, but it is quite easily got rid of by means of drains constructed for the purpose in each gallery, running into a common centre, where is a well, out of which it is pumped into the river again, at the rate of 1000 gallons per minute, if necessary.

Lieut. Derby, who is superintending this work under Gen. Newton, estimates that the mine will be ready for the final blast in October, and then, when the river is cleared, by means of grapples, to the depth of 26 feet at low tide, this section of the work will be accomplished and a new avenue to the sea thrown open.

Gen. Newton is now giving his personal attention to the familiar reef known as Frying Pan, located a few hundred yards up the river, which is nine or ten feet below the surface. The process is entirely different than used elsewhere in the river and consists of drilling down into the rock from the bows, placing the charges in the rock by divers, and firing them, and then clearing away the loose stone before drilling another series of holes. This section of the work is also rapidly approaching completion.

It has been a great pleasure to me to stroll about the streets of Newark, N. J., where I spent a few days, and visit familiar scenes. Naturally I found my way into the newspaper offices of the city, and was cordially welcomed by former acquaintances there. Mr. Phil A. Gifford is now managing editor of the Morning Register, which has made for itself a wide place in the newspaper circle, and is apparently highly prosperous. Mr. Gifford is assisted in the editorial work by Mr. Wm. Lomax, Jr., formerly of Cambridge, who fills the "City Editor's" chair acceptably to all. His friends in Cambridge will be pleased to know he is well situated in Newark, enjoying the respect and confidence of all.

The Daily Advertiser, one of the oldest papers in the country, established originally in 1768, maintains its position as the leader of all journalistic enterprises in the State and yielding a mighty influence in politics. It is entirely Republican in politics and returns to a lamentable degree; but then, the average Jerseyman's ideas of temperance are not extremely orthodox, and even great newspapers are rarely anything more than mirrors of public opinion.

I had to smile broadly when I entered the office of the Daily Journal (the leading Democratic paper of the State) and noticed, with my first glance around, the familiar plaster cast of "Ben Butler," occupying its accustomed place on the desk of the proprietor, but minus the enormous—by proportion—spoon which until recently rested on the shoulder of the familiar form. It brought to my mind the old familiar adage in regard to sin:—

"First dalled with—endured, embraced."

The sight of the Newark Journal defending the hero of New Orleans, apologizing for the "hasty conclusion" of years ago and taking the "beast" in its loving embrace is a moving spectacle, certainly. In the business office I found my friend, Mr. Flynn, bright, energetic and systematic as ever, the details of the business department well in hand to carry the Journal to still more prosperous fields.

The Sunday Call has grown to an eight page (64 columns) paper, with a wide circulation all through this, Essex County, and is on the road to high prosperity as a business enterprise.

In a city containing thousands—how many I have no means of estimating—of Germans, speaking no language but their own, it is not strange that they should strongly support German papers, and some of the most successful in the country are published here.

Newark has grown rapidly in the past few years. This is not noticed perceptibly in the business centres—Broad, Market and other streets—but in the outlying districts residences have sprung up like magic, and in some of these sections are to be found the mansions of the wealthy merchants of the city.

In "Military Park," a broad stretch of green sward, crossed with neatly kept walks, and adorned with beautiful stately elms, has lately been erected a statue of Gen. Phil Kearney, who fell in the late war, loved by his comrades in arms and honored by a nation he was able to do so much to save, and for which he gave all he had,—his life.

This statue, a life-size bronze figure, stands on a granite pedestal, suitably inscribed, surrounded with an edge-stone in the form of the corps badge of his corps,—the five pointed star. Arlington has several soldiers who served in "Kearney's Brigade," and who still love to talk of the old commander, and his brilliant achievements.

A day or two ago I started to visit one of the border towns of Essex County. Missing the only morning train over the Morris & Essex R. R. by a moment,—thanks to poking horse cars,—the journey was continued by horse car for five miles, where connection with the stage route was expected. The last forenoon coach was gone when we arrived at the station after a two-mile tramp, leaving us the alternative of nearly four hours' wait at a country railroad station or a tramp of seven miles to destination. The bright day and cool air lured to a stroll, and we plodded along in the hope that some countryman, returning from market, might shorten our journey with an invitation to ride. Our route lay up the eastern slope of the Orange mountain range, and any toll required to carry us to the highest point was amply repaid by the vision of beauty contained in the broad panorama spread out before us as we turned about to rest and view the scene. Directly beneath were the thriving towns of Montclair and Bloomsfield and the picturesque suburbs of Newark. Out to the right was the city of Newark, with its fringe of outlying villages, the calm and shapey Newark Bay, formed by the Passaic and Hackensack rivers, glistening like silver in the sun. Further to the left were seen the cities of New York and Brooklyn, that latest marvel of architectural skill,—the Brooklyn Bridge,—showing its graceful proportions quite sharply, though in miniature size, at that great distance (it was fully twenty miles away) against the distant horizon. The lordly sweep of the Hudson where it entered the Narrows was

plainly in view, and new beauties, calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of an artist, dawned on us as we looked down upon and out beyond the eastern slopes of the Jersey hills.

Turning our backs on this charming view we were soon over the crest of the mountain, and trudging down into the valley. The walk to our journey's end was full of pleasure to me, and as we walked slowly there was nothing of weariness. We passed the Industrial School (an institution similar to our Westboro Reform School), built by the city of Newark for the care and training of her unruly children, and not long afterwards the new prison at Caldwell came into view. It is a fine building, opened by the County of Essex, built of stone and surrounded with a high wall, and I judge is quite the same as our House of Correction.

Our route lay through a farming country, and evidences of thrift and prosperity abounded on every hand. At one of these houses,—the home of an ex-sheriff of Essex County,—we found our destination, and, though somewhat after the usual country dinner hour, my comrade and I were not too late for a cordial greeting and a generous repast. Need I say that a seven-mile walk (the sign board said seven, but I guess it was really ten) had given us appetites to enjoy the meal? The farm house where I stopped is near the shores of the Passaic river, which takes its rise not many miles above, and the whole section for miles around is a splendid farming country, supplying the adjacent cities with a large share of the farm products. I made my home at a modern built house which stands in the middle of a charming plot of thirty acres, where the son of the ex-sheriff is making for himself a beautiful home. Active business in Newark now commands all his time, but his purpose is to become a farmer, and the fertility of the soil here might well tempt any one with a taste in that direction.

(Correspondence.)  
The Woman's Suffrage Question.

William S. Hollis, son of Capt. Geo. F. Hollis, of Arlington, has been selected by Congressman Morse as a candidate for the midshipman cadetship at Annapolis from the 5th district.

H. M. Stanley was in good condition at the time the last news from him was received. He had entered upon ten months' journey to the east coast of Africa, which increases his chances of getting well knocked on the head.

Our acting consul at Monterey, Rev. Mr. Shaw, has been most wantonly insulted and outraged, and the consulate injured. It is believed it will be difficult to restore good relations. A mob of Mexicans were the offenders. Mr. Shaw was so badly injured that his life seemed to be in danger.

Rev. A. E. Winship, pastor of the Prospect Hill church, Somerville, for the past nine years, has notified his society that he will resign, to take effect in October. Mr. Winship has occupied the pulpit at the Pleasant street church, Arlington, several times.

The Wakefield Assessors' books for 1883 give the valuation of the town as follows: Real estate, \$3,043,705; personal estate, \$352,902; resident bank stock, \$54,784; total valuation, \$3,451,391; number of polls, 1652; gain 93; rate of taxation, \$14.50 on \$1000, a reduction from last year of \$2.30 on \$1000.

The opening of the Olympian Club's skating rink at Ocean Pier, on Saturday, was a grand success. In the afternoon a large crowd was in attendance, and it kept increasing until, in the evening, the management were obliged to close the doors of the rink twice, as the floor had become absolutely packed.

It is now asserted that descendants of Martin Luther, in the direct male line, are still living in Germany. One of these is Heinrich Luther, who is thirty-two years old, a carpenter by trade, and the father of six sons. Another is Heinrich's brother, Carl, who is a theological student at Jena. Here are eight direct male Luthers, and though most of them must be mere boys, most of those boys may come near enough to full manhood to preserve the Luther family for many generations, unless they should be very unfortunate.

The Wide Awake for August is at hand, and running over with good things. It contains an interesting article on "The Lights of Paris," by Isabel Smithson, profusely illustrated by Bodfish, of Paris. The number is specially rich in engravings and abounds with short and timely sketches and stories. A poem, entitled a "Canticle in Spain," has nine illustrations by A. Breman, which are dainty and artistic, and W. L. Taylor has a fine engraving illustrating Adelaide Proctor's poem "The Lost Chord." This charming magazine is published by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston.

Capt. Webb, who was drowned at Niagara while attempting to swim the rapids, was well known in this vicinity, having spent a number of weeks with Mr. Kyle's family, residing on Mystic street, Arlington. The river has been searched for two miles below the rapids, but no trace has yet been found and probably never will be. He gave many exhibitions of his powers as a swimmer and diver for two or three seasons at Strawberry Hill and at Pemberton Pier, including a part of the present season. His feats of high diving from the tower on a scow anchored off Hotel Pemberton and his perilous swim through Hull Gut within the past three weeks are fresh in the minds of all.

The dreadful ravages of cholera in Egypt continue. There were nearly 600 victims in Cairo alone during the twenty-four hours ended on Saturday, and other towns show a proportionately great number. There is also an epidemic at our very doors, the number of cases of yellow fever at Havana having risen to that importance. The State department is informed by the United States consul-general at Havana that eleven of the passengers of the steamer City of Washington, from Vera Cruz, were taken ashore at Havana sick with yellow fever, and that five out of the eleven died after being landed. Gen. E. O. C. Ord, United States Army, retired, was among the number of the sick, and he died after a few hours of intense suffering. For years Gen. Ord was in command of the District of Southwestern Texas, which from time to time was afflicted with yellow fever to a fearful extent. It is curious that he should have escaped while in the performance of duty, to be seized while apparently pleasure-seeking. He was a good soldier and a brave man. The awful nature of the disease has seldom been more remarkably demoralizing.

(Correspondence.)  
The Woman's Suffrage Question.

It is proverbially the Yankee method to answer one question by asking another. Ergo: Has the woman's suffrage movement yet tended to degrade her, either intellectually, socially or morally? Has it yet effected ought against the purity and refinement of society? And if Jeremiades are unnecessary over its past, is it not possible that they may be over its future?

There are thousands of women in the land who take an intelligent and patriotic interest in the good of their country; who read the papers and form opinions in politics, and each of whom may be as capable of voting wisely as her husband, if she have one. That they would be in any degree compelled to "cast aside that modesty and reticence" which a good woman can preserve under any circumstances, by the simple act of walking up to the ballot box—upon the arm of the presumed husband—once or twice a year, and dropping therein a small slip of paper, is what only ignorance in a woman or selfishness in a man could assume. That would be all there is left for them to do, and that duty need not absorb their whole lives any more than it does those of their escorts. They may or may not desire it; that is a matter of private opinion with each, a privilege of taste which is as undoubtedly theirs as the right to vote; but what the change would be that it could make in their mental, moral or social attributes, more than it does in their husbands, at present, fails to be apparent. It must degrade the one sex as surely as the other, and it was never yet withheld from the most tenderly reared boy for the fear of hurting either his morals or his intellect. As to the necessity of their "mounting rostrums or plunging into maelstroms" as a part of the performance, cannot that be safely left until all the husbands are compelled to lead the way? And for the danger of becoming office holders incurred, the fractional proportion of that fraternity to the whole community is, thank Heaven, so attenuated a decimal, that all domestic catastrophes might be averted by confining that to the ranks of the anxious and aimless. It has never yet been known that a man's vote was challenged until he could show his ability to "speakify, smoke, swear and get drunk," though it must be confessed that what Massachusetts might yet demand in the way of ribald qualifications for the right, would this year appear to be among the problems. The policies of the country might not be improved by the franchise of woman, but it is assuredly difficult to see how they could be made worse, and still more difficult to bring forward any argument for his claim to it that would not apply equally to hers. Certainly it is being his "peculiar province,"—be he wise or ignorant, native or foreign,—to vote the taxes she shall pay upon her own property, and their appropriation, without giving her the opportunity for even a remonstrance; to make all the laws by which she must be governed, and from whose one-sided justice she has before now been made to suffer, is one of the cases that

Butler says the ex-soldiers would "clean out" the State House if he gave the word. Is this a Napoleon that we have for Governor? Or is it a man who never won a battle, and was only famous as the hero who was "bottled up"?—Cambridge Press.

The Brockton Gazette says, "that there is considerable trend of public opinion in favor of Congressman Geo. D. Robinson, of Hampden County, as the anti-Bullock candidate for Governor next fall."

least to be the wife of one President and the mother of another. Whatever Lydia Maria Child may have thought in New York, over forty years ago, it is to be presumed from her later opinions that she lived long enough to bless God for an enlightenment that enabled her to change her mind upon some points.

There is one axiom so familiar as to hardly need reiteration here. It is,

that the intellectual, social, and above all, moral condition of a people, is to be judged by the status of woman in it. What the movement towards her elevation to a perfect equality with man in the civilized world has done for it morally and socially, not only history, but literature, can be left to answer. A comparison in both, of the present with the past, of one or more hundred years ago, would be a sufficient illustration of it. That much remains yet to be mended in society; that the respect for her is not always either as sincere on the one side, or as deserved on the other, as it should be, may be true; but it is a hopeful sign when vice pays virtue some tribute of hypocrisy and concealment, instead of vaunting itself unblushingly.

Lexington, July 24, 1883.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The patriotic duty of the past century was to drive the Indians across the great rivers to the wild West; the philanthropic duty of to-day is to receive them into our colleges and schools, and give them all the advantages and blessings of our Christian civilization. The driving duty of the past was better done, if we have regard only to success, than is the civilizing duty of the present; but the latter may have its turn, and it appears to have begun tolerably well. Once it was the wild West, now it is the mild East.—*Rock-noke Collegian*.

The old-fashioned picnic, with its baskets of good things, seats beneath the spreading trees, and innocent games and diversions was very harmless; but the beer-drinking, pavilion-dancing, late hour affair of the city is an institution which would bear moral inspection.—*N. Y. Commercial Patriot*.

Reputation is like fire; when once you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it; but, if once you extinguish it, you will not easily kindle it again; and if you should, it may burn a little but it will never blaze.—*Quincy Patriot*.

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The Western Union Telegraph Co.'s operators are still on strike. The operators of the Rapid have adjusted their difficulties and resumed work.

Yellow fever is raging in Cairo, cholera in Havana, destructive winds in the West and Ben Butler and Dennis Kearney in Massachusetts. Whither are we drifting?

## Deaths.

In Boston, July 26, Jacob Smith Viles, 43 years, Services at his late residence, 12 Gray street, at 12 o'clock Saturday. Burial at Lexington.

## HOUSE TO LET.

On Broadway, a house containing nine rooms, hot and cold water and bathroom. All in good repair. Apply to R. W. SHATTUCK.

Arlington, July 27, 1883.

R. W. SHATTUCK

## Philadelphia Ice Cream Co.

HAVE REMOVED TO

171 Tremont Street, Boston,

Where with increased facilities they are supplying

Families, Fairs, Festivals Parties, Weddings, Etc.

With their celebrated

## ICE CREAM

At Reasonable Rates.

July 27

## Boat Found.

</div

## Temperance Department.

THE CIGARETTE VICE.

The representative of a large Southern tobacco house, who has made the matter a study, says that the extent to which drugs are used in "doctoring" cigarettes is appalling.

The drugs impart a sweet and pleasant flavor and have a soothing effect, that in a little time obtain a fascinating control over the smoker. The more cigarettes he smokes, the more he desires to smoke, as is the case with one who uses opium. The desire grows to a passion. The smoker becomes a slave to the enervating habit. To the insidious effects of the drug is attributed the success of the cigarette.

By the use of drugs it is possible to make a very inferior quality of tobacco pleasant. Manufacturers, therefore, put these vile things on the market at a price that makes it easy for the poorest to indulge in their killing delights, and boys and youths go in swarms for them.

What is called "Havana flavoring" has grown to be an important article of commerce. Thousands of barrels of it are sold everywhere. It is extensively used in manufacturing certain kinds of cigarettes. It is made from the tonka-bean, which contains drug called melloolit, a deadly poison, seven grains of which will kill a dog. Imagine the effect which must result from puffing that vile stuff into the lungs hour after hour.

The paper coverings, manufactured from filthy scrapings of rag pickers, are also a fruitful source of evil to the cigarette smoker. Vile as it is, it is bought up in great masses by agents of the manufacturers who turn it into a dingy pulp, and subject it to a bleaching process to make it presentable. The lime and other substances used in bleaching have a very harmful influence on the membrane of the mouth, throat and nose, and is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped with it at a cost of two cents.

Arsenical preparations, it is said, are used in bleaching most cigarette papers, and oil of creosote is produced naturally as a consequence of combustion. The latter has a most injurious effect upon the membrane of the mouth, throat and lungs, and is said to accelerate the development of consumption in any one predisposed to the disease.

A mouthpiece which had been in use was unrolled by a smoker. Its edge, to the depth of about half an inch, was covered with the dark, poisonous acid, the odor of which was intolerable. The pernicious stuff taken into the smoker's system assists to bring about the sunken cheek, the dull and listless appearance, which mark the slave of the cigarette.—*Philadelphia Times*.

The pledge should constitute a part of home and school education. Every father should be a Jonadab, every mother a pledged abstainer, if they would found a prosperous house, and rear Samuels, Samsons and Johns to do the Lord's work; and every teacher in Sunday or day schools should be able to instruct his pupils in the nature and effect of the cruel alcoholic poison, and press upon the juvenile conscience every motive for abstinence.

Among women in the highest walks of life in Chicago, liquor drinking and drunkenness are fearfully common. Dr. Duncan says that he could count twenty such cases, first and last, in his practice. He says that the women living in fashionable hotels and boarding houses are in a shocking number inebriates. In many cases they have completely broken up their homes and gone headlong to ruin. Dr. Singley says that drunkenness in its very worst forms will be found in some of the very first families in the city.

For the sake of the coming generations, let us as individuals avoid all stimulants in every form. For the majority of all drinkers inherit a liking for alcohol from drinking progenitors. Let us live pure lives, free from these injurious habits, and not cause the coming generations to suffer as this one, endless penalties for the taste which is born in them.

Rum controls the political primaries and dictates the nomination of men, in a majority of the districts, who will prove tractable when the contest is waged against the traffic for its destruction. Rum enters our state and national conventions and sees to it, whichever party shall succeed, that its candidates are safe for the traffic in alcoholic poisons.

I would that every woman in our land might awake to the importance, not only of good laws, but of good officers to enforce those laws. When once women are awake on this subject, we will be able to accomplish so much more than we can now, for the right will then be given us to help ourselves.

In answer to the question, "Are you a prohibitionist?" John B. Gough replied, "Most decidedly so. I am an out and out prohibitionist. I have worked for it and suffered for it. While I favor moral suasion, yet, at the same time, I am a prohibitionist. I am deadly opposed to license. I would rather have free rum than license."

No man who takes out a license to sell intoxicating liquors ever intends to obey the law. To do so would ruin his business. Why? Because the law only

allows sales on week days, to good, sober men, who never get drunk.

Why is the street a filer place for the education of our boys than for our girls? Why does the world wink at that in a man which it frowns upon in a woman?

In keeping with its midsummer holiday character, the August Century contains an unusual number of short stories and striking illustrations, as well as poems and articles adapted to summer reading. The number offers, in addition to the most entertaining paper yet given of Mr. Howells' "A Woman's Reason," the first part of a stirring romance called "The Bread-winners," which will run through six numbers of the magazine. Humor is the characteristic of the short stories which comprise "The New Silk Dress Story," by James D. Hague; "The New Minister's Great Opportunity," by the author of "Eli" and "The Village Convict"; and another group of Jel Chandler Harris' "Nights with Uncle Remus."

The frontispiece, and an admirable essay by Henry James, have to do with the leading French novelist of the day,—Alphonse Daudet—whom Mr. James places at the head of living writers of fiction. G. W. Prothero contributes an art essay, richly illustrated by engravings of ideal pictures and portraits, upon the works of "Mr. Watts" at the Grosvenor Gallery." John Burroughs has an admirable and judicial word to say of "Carlyle," apropos of the reminiscences and letters, including those of Mrs. Carlyle. "Bob White, the Game Bird of America," is the subject of the first illustrated article, by Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology. "Under the Olives," Mrs. Bianchiardi describes olive culture in Southern Europe, and gives interesting information regarding the successful efforts to grow olives in California. A humorously illustrated article is Robert Adams' Jr., description of the "Oldest Club in America," the Philadelphia Fishing Association, known as the State in Schuylkill, which resembles the London Beefsteak Club. In "The Present Condition of the Mission Indians in Southern California" (profusely illustrated), H. H. concludes her historical sketch of priestly devotion to the aborigines, and of government neglect and injustice.

August is the great holiday month, and the August St. Nicholas is essentially a holiday number, taking its readers away from the great cities to the mountains and sea side, by the brooks and the breakers. Edwin Lester Byner contributes an amusing and capitally illustrated story, entitled "Our Special Artist." A bright, amusing and exciting sea story is the Rev. Charles R. Talbot's "Lady of the Chinachook." Maurice Thompson, in the "Work and Play Department," has a seasonable paper on "Fly-fishing for Black Bass," which he writes for the purpose of advocating fly-fishing as a sport for boys and girls. There is also an excellent story for girls called "Zintha's Fortune," by Kate Tannatt Woods. The frontispiece, by Jessie McDermott, illustrates a charming poem by Margaret Johnson, entitled "The Beautiful Day." Bessie Hill has some illustrated verses, "In Summer Time," and Celia Thaxter writes "The Story of a Castle." J. T. Trowbridge takes the "Tinkham Brothers" through a thrilling midnight attack on their "Tide-mill"; the "Swept Away" party in Edward S. Ellis' serial have several exciting adventures in their voyage down the swollen waters of the Mississippi, and Harry M. Kleffer relates how he "Went down to Jericho, and fell among thieves." There are in addition, stories, sketches, jingles and pictures by many others.

Our Little Ones is again on hand for August, and is as bright and interesting as ever for the young folks, whom it cannot fail to amuse. It contains a number of short and seasonable stories, and its illustrations are as attractive as ever. Russell Pub. Co., are the publishers of this always welcome monthly.

Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it to their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

Vegete thoroughly eradicates all humors and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

FASHIONABLE GOODS.  
LATEST IMPORTATIONS.  
NEW STYLES.

FRANK J. ROGERS,  
Merchant Tailor  
Merrifield's Building.

Would call attention to his stock of Sutlings selected with care and embracing a larger stock than ever shown here. Garment cut in latest style, made up in the best manner under personal supervision, and warranted to fit in every case.

Call and examine the new goods.

AND STILL  
Another Great Reduction  
—IN—

CARPETS.

We have taken from our Wholesale Wareroom

250 ROLLS

—OF—

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,

Which we shall sell, with borders to match, at the lowest price ever offered, viz:

60c a yard.

These are very much better patterns and quality than the goods that have been sold for \$2 1/2 and \$3. Don't fail to look at them if you want a carpet. We have a few of the.

3-PLY CARPETS

Left at 95c. All wool, new patterns, and perfect goods.

Chipman's Sons & Co.,

Court and Hanover Sts., Boston.

13 Apr 3m

DECKER BROTHERS

Pianos.

HAZELTON

BROS.

CASH OR INSTALLMENTS.

Estey Organ Co.,

601 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

11ma6m

GRANT & COBB

are all ready for summer,

with a complete stock of

Ladies', Gents'

and Childrens'

GAUZE UNDERWEAR,

PARASOLS,

FANS,

HAMMOCKS,

White Skirts, Sacks, Waists, Ties,

Hosiery, Gloves, Bathing Caps,

Ladies' and Childrens' Shade Hats

In connection with one of the best lines of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS

to be found anywhere.

Please to remember we are the only

Agents for the National Laundry,

Chelsea Dye House, and

Butterick's Patterns

Grant & Cobb's

Bank Building, Arlington.

27 Apr 3m

Charles S. Parker,

Real Estate

AGENT COAL!

FURNISHED AT THE  
Lowest Market Prices.

WARREN A. PIERCE,  
COALS, WOOD, HAY,  
LIME, CEMENT, Etc.

YARDS AND OFFICES:  
Arlington Heights and Lexington.

Orders left at M. Dow's Grocery Store, Arlington Avenue, and at 106 Lexington Post Office, corner of Arlington Avenue and Washington Street, Arlington. Terms reasonable.

June 3m

Table Board! During the summer months or longer, parties can be accommodated by Mrs. Weston, corner of Arlington Avenue and Washington Street, Arlington. Terms reasonable.

June 3m

For Sale in Arlington. Two good houses, a nice stable with one stall, two acres of land, well stocked with apple, pear, cherry and peach trees, quince, currant and gooseberry bushes, grape vines and other small fruits all in their bearing condition. Need, but to be examined to be appreciated.

Also, To Let. A fine house and large stable, with five acres of good land, with fruit trees. Terms very easy.

Apply to H. MOTT, Arlington, June 2d, 1888.

20 April 1888

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty.

We want many men, women, and girls to work for us right in their own homes. Any one can do the work properly from the first start.

The business will pay more than ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free.

No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STEIN & CO., Portland, Maine.

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

On and after JUNE 25, 1888, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE BOSTON FOR PRISON STATION, at 7:05, 9:30 a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30 p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 8:45, a.m., 12:35, 4:50, 6:50, 9:30 p.m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR CONCORD, MASS., at 7:05, 9:30 a.m.; 1:45, 4:20, 6:25, 11:30 p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 8:45, a.m., 12:35, 4:50, 6:50, 9:30 p.m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR BEDFORD at 7:05, 9:30 a.m.; 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:45, 6:25, 7:45, 10:45, 11:30 p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 8:45, a.m., 10:52, a.m., 1:26, 2:28, 3:45, 5:58, 6:56, 8:15, 9:36, 11:20, p.m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR LEXINGTON at 7:05, 7:45, 8:15, 9:30 a.m.; 12:20, 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:45, 6:25, 7:45, 10:45, 11:30 p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 8:45, 9:19, 10:30, a.m., 1:00, 2:05, 3:53, 5:18, 6:15, 7:15, 11:00, p.m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR ARLINGTOM at 7:05, 7:45, 8:15, 9:30 a.m.; 12:20, 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:45, 6:25, 7:45, 10:45, 11:30 p.m. Return at 5:30, 7:30, 8:45, 9:19, 10:30, a.m., 1:00, 2:05, 3:53, 5:18, 6:15, 7:15, 11:00, p.m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR NORTH AVENUE at 6:30, 7:05, 7:45, 8:15, 9:30 a.m.; 12:20, 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:45, 6:25, 7:45, 10:45, 11:30 p.m. Return at 6:20, 7:06, 7:33, 8:27, 9:15, 10:52, a.m., 1:26, 2:28, 3:45, 5:58, 6:56, 8:15, 9:36, 11:20, p.m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR WEST SOMERVILLE at 6:30, 7:05, 7:45, 8:15, 9:30 a.m.; 12:20, 1:45, 2:45, 4:20, 5:45, 6:25, 7:45, 10:45, 11:30 p.m. Return at 6:23, 7:08, 7:35, 8:03, 8:29, 9:07, 9:49, 10:54, a.m.; 1:28, 2:30, 4:17, 5:25, 5:58, 8:17, 9:38, 11:22.

Wednesdays excepted.

Sundays only.

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Supt. of Transportation.

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OF ALL KINDS.

Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, &c.

Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE OF CHARGE.

## SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD MIRROR.

Upon this old and rusty nail  
I've hung for many years;  
Ah, me! but I could tell a tale  
Of pleasure—yes, and tears.  
How many a beaming countenance  
That in the days gone by  
Gave me the quick, admiring glance  
Now in the churchyard lie!

Wrinkles have grown on faces fair,  
Bright eyes their luster lost,  
And on the fair heads of glossy hair  
Has fallen age's frost;  
The manly form erect and proud,  
Has lost its stately grace,  
And gray with years and sorrow bowed  
Now shuns my truthful face.

The lad who shaved his downy lip  
By my reflected aid,  
And made so many a cruel slip  
With keen-edged razor blades,  
Now hath a son, who, now and then,  
With comical grimace,  
Apes well the ways of older men  
And scrapes his beardless face.

A maiden lady, old and spare,  
Who mourns her lonely state,  
Comes here and combs her scanty hair  
In style long out of date;  
Then, with affected unconcern,  
She daubs her cheek with red,  
In hope that she may some day turn  
Some single codger's head.

Two lovers came to-day and gazed  
Together in my face—  
He with enthusiasm praised  
The beauty of her face;  
Clasped in each other's loving arms  
Quite long they gazed in me—  
John looked at Mary's buxom charms,  
And Mary—so did she!

—*Parthenos Mox.*

## "PERSEVERANCE."

Just at the instant of sunset the light broke through the leaden masses of cloud like a belt of brass, red, threatening, yet most welcome. For there, darkly outlined against the sullen glen, stood a little cabin, with its thread-like wreath of smoke curling upward, and an old fisherman sitting mending his nets on a bench beside the door.

And Mr. Cheston, who had been wandering hopelessly among the marshes for some time, with a lively sense of the inconvenience of getting lost in those saline deserts, stood and stared at it as if it were a will-o'-the-wisp.

"I'm sure it couldn't have been there five minutes ago," he pondered within himself.

"Evenin', stranger!" said old Zadoc Peck. "Been a shootin', eh?"

"I've lost my way," said Cheston, plowing through the tall reeds, until at last he gained a secure footing by the cabin door.

"Well, I thought likely," commented Zadoc. "Ain't many folks come here a purpose."

"Could I obtain a night's lodging and some supper?" hinted our weary sportsman.

"I guess so," serenely answered Mr. Peck. "If you don't mind sleepin' up garret. As for supper, Perseverance has gone out to dig clams for us. Like baked clam, eh?"

"His son," thought the major. "What a quaint couple they must be."

But he sat down in the red light and looked at the morning-glory vines trained to the window, the busy fingers of the old man, the murmuring wilderness of reeds and rushes beyond.

"That's right," said Zadoc. "Set down and take it easy. Perseverance will be back pretty quick with the clams, and then you'll get some good hot supper. Perseverance is a master hand to cook."

"Perseverance" came presently, but to Major Cheston's infinite surprise she was no lubberly boy nor half-civilized young man, but a tall, blooming maiden of sixteen, with jetty hair floating down her back, large dark eyes, long lashed and almond-shaped, and cheeks like roses. Her short, gypsy-like skirt revealed shapely brown feet, yet bearing the impress of the wet sands where she had waded out to dig clams, and on one arm she carried a basket of clams whose weight would have been no trifle even to the stalwart muscles of this major of cavalry.

She was not at all embarrassed by the presence of a stranger, but came frankly up to him, setting down her basket to examine the contents of his game-bag.

"You've had poor luck, stranger, haven't you?" she said, pityingly. "I could ha' done better myself on them marshes at this time o' year."

"Perseverance is a first-rate shot," chuckled the old man. "Go now, girl, and cook us some supper."

The roast clams, coffee and corn bread were most palatable, and after supper Major Cheston gave Perseverance a newspaper from his pocket.

"It is this morning's," said he. "Would you like to see it?"

But she motioned it away.

"I can't read," said she, indifferently.

"You cannot read?" echoed the amazed major. "Why, how old are you?"

"Sixteen," Perseverance answered, reddening.

"My sister Kate is only sixteen," said Major Cheston, speaking without due reflection, "and she reads and writes four different languages, plays the piano and guitar, draws and paints, and—"

"Pahaw!" said Perseverance, arching her slender neck. "Can she shoot black duck and curlews?"

"That is hardly one of the accom-

plishments prescribed for young ladies," said the major, smiling.

"Can she swim?"

"No, but—"

"Can she clip a blue heron on the wing? or get in a haul of bluefish when the tide is strong and the wind due east? or fight a shark, hand to hand, with only a marlin-spike for a weapon?"

And once again Major Cheston was compelled to answer in the negative.

"Well," said Perseverance, complacently, "I can."

And she rose and went out of the room, and Major Cheston saw no more of her that night.

"She isn't offended, is she?" he asked of old Zadoc Peck, who was smoking a pipe and staring hard at the fire all the while.

"Offended? Our Perseverance offended?" echoed the old man. "You don't know her, stranger."

"But, really," hazarded Cheston, "it is scarcely right to bring up a girl like that in such total ignorance, now is it?"

"Well, we haven't no schools nor academies hereabouts," said the old man. "And if we had, Perseverance wouldn't go to 'em. I don't see but what she gets along first-rate!"

And Major Cheston wasted no more time in argument.

He slept well and soundly that night under the sloping roof of the little garret, through whose shrunk boards the quiet stars peeped down at him, and at daybreak he went down upon the shore.

The reeds were all effaced now—the tide was coming in with a rush and a roar, and an occasional flying shower of spray. The fresh wind took off his hat, and whirled it into the water. He made an involuntary plunge after it, lost his footing on the slippery sands, and the next instant he was struggling for dear life with the surf, dragged constantly down, and still further out to sea by the treacherous undertow. In a last effort to regain himself, he struck his head against a jagged point of stone and knew nothing more.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You needn't thank me, stranger," said old Zadoc Peck, as he stood over the recovering patient with hot towels. "I didn't know a thing about it till she ran up, as white and breathless as a snow flurry, to get me to help you in. She had swum out to sea and dragged you back to land herself! She's a brave girl, is Perseverance, and there's nothing she can't do if once she sets herself about it."

Major Cheston thanked his young rescuer earnestly; but nothing would induce her to take the gold he offered her.

"It must be a poor creature that wants reward for saving a man's life," said she, with a short laugh.

And Cheston desisted.

"The girl is too pretty," he said to himself. "No one but the hero of a third-class romance ever marries a half-civilized young savage, because she has dark eyes and hair growing low on her forehead. I must get away from this place—and I must keep away!"

Physically this was an easy thing to do; but mentally—what is there but the wild winds of heaven so uncontrollable as a man's thoughts?

At the end of a year he came back from Switzerland and went straight to the Long Island marshes.

"I must see her," he said to himself. "I must tell her that I love her. I must ask her to be my wife."

When the train reached Nineveh, the nearest station, a tall, beautiful girl, in a cashmere dress, sparkling with jet, and a saucy black hat, came to him, holding out her hand.

"You are Major Cheston?" said she.

"And you," he answered, "are Perseverance Peck?"

She smiled and nodded. How beautiful she had grown!

"I was going out to the old house," he said.

"I do not live there any more," said Perseverance. "Father's dead, and I'm being educated. You see," she added, "that your words, hard and cruel as I then thought them, were not without their effect. I am staying with some friends, and I share the advantage of their governess. And Mr. Russell thinks I am not a stupid scholar."

"Russell!"

That name was very familiar to him.

"At Castle Point, a little way down the island," explained Perseverance. "They know you very well. Hugh Russell and I often talk about you."

Hugh Russell! A dagger thrust of jealousy went through Major Cheston's heart. Hugh Russell, whom he remembered such a handsome, daring young fellow? Was he, then, too late in his decision? Had some other hand gathered this exquisite wild flower?

And then, with the innocent hypocrisy of lovehood, he vowed that he had intended all along to visit the Russells, and accompanied Perseverance thither at once.

"Yes," said placid Mrs. Russell. "Is she not beautiful? She used to come to my Sunday-school class last summer, at the little Sandy Point chapel, and when her poor old father died I took her to stay with me. And we are all so attached to her, and she is so lovely and winning. Quite like my own daughter."

Late that evening Major Cheston went out on the stone-paved terrace, where Perseverance was sitting on the rail, looking up at the million golden stars which spangled the violet sky. She welcomed him with her quiet, self-possessed smile.

"Perseverance," he said, "you are seventeen years old, now?"

"Yes," she assented. "I am seventeen years old."

"Almost a woman," said he.

"Quite a woman," responded she.

"Oh, it seems as if I had grown so many, many years older since poor father died!"

"Pahaw!" said Perseverance, arching her slender neck. "Can she shoot black duck and curlews?"

"That is hardly one of the accom-

"Has any one spoken to you of love?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," she answered, with gravity.

"But they will—sometime?"

"I suppose so," said Perseverance.

Evidently there was nothing of the coquette about her.

"Would you be very much surprised, Perseverance, if I were to tell you that I loved you?"

She started and colored to the very roots of her hair.

"Surprised?" she repeated. "Yes—oh, yes! For you despised me in those days."

"Never!" he cried.

"Or at least I fancied so," she faltered.

"But I love you now, Perseverance—sweetest, precious treasure of my soul!" he went on, reading some dim encouragement in the downcast eyes, the red, quivering mouth. "I will not let you go until you promise to be my wife. You have saved my life once and it is in your power to save it from further shipwreck now."

Hugh Russell had spoken the same words of love in her ear two hours before and she had run away from him, half angry and wholly frightened. But this—this was different.

"Will you promise me, Perseverance?" he gently reiterated.

"Yes," she answered.

And that was the way in which Major Cheston, whose heart had been long regarded by his lady friends as an invulnerable fortress, won the beautiful young wife who was as unlike the other belles of society as is the tropical blossom of the scarlet pomegranate to the commonplace red roses of the garden border.

It was a strange meeting, a still stranger wooing, but a most happy marriage. And perhaps this is the most satisfactory record that any love affair can leave.

### Indian Treatment of Captives.

The five Mexican women and one child recaptured from the Apaches by General Crook were surprised by a band of Apaches under the personal command of Geronimo, about the 10th of May. The Indians, with their captives, traveled incognito the remainder of the day and all night. They calculated that the next morning after their capture they were at least one hundred miles distant, though they cannot tell in what direction. For three days they were without water, but after that it was found in abundance. The country through which they passed was *very* beyond description. At times they were compelled to crawl upon all fours. Their thirst for the first three days nearly drove them crazy, and the Indians would whip and lash them up, and compel them to travel. Toward the last of their captivity their food commenced giving out, and they were put upon rations, a small piece of raw beef being all that was given them. This had to be divided among the six. Mrs. Antonia Hernandez all this time carried her little child in her arms. The Indian children took great pleasure in tormenting him, pinching him, and jabbing sharpened sticks into his sides, giving him great pain. When they remonstrated, Geronimo or his men only laughed at her misery. The last two days of their captivity they had no food at all. There was snow on the mountains. The cold was intense, and the women suffered greatly, almost freezing. The Indians never remained quiet in one spot a day, but were continually moving. They traveled nearly one hundred miles a day, going in every direction, but tending generally nearly westward. The captives were abused and maltreated in every possible manner. They were made to work heavily whenever camp was made, and were a general object of abuse and ridicule. The Indians would take up Mrs. Hernandez's little boy, threaten to kill him, and would throw stones at him, to the great mental anguish of his mother. One of the women was sent as a hostage of some sort to Chihuahua to make peace. The exposure to cold, thirst, famine and exhaustion from travel and fear of torture was having an effect on the poor women. The first thing they knew they were hustled one day further into the mountains. The next day a brother of Chief Chatte delivered them up to General Crook. As one of them expressed herself when she saw General Crook and the soldiers: "It seemed as if the sky opened and Heaven appeared." —*San Francisco Morning Call.*

### Killed by a Statue.

The story of the sculptor at Ayr (Mr. Smith), who is reported to have been crushed to death by a heavy monument on which he was at work, and which he somehow brought down upon himself from the platform on which it had been raised, recalls several stories of antiquity and of the Middle Ages in which the sculptor is represented as struck to the ground and killed by his own creation. Sometimes, too, a statue will fall in an independent manner on a person who had taken no part in creating it, but who had been guilty of some offense generally toward the statue itself. A statue, for example, having been erected during his lifetime to the wrestler Theagenes, a jealous rival approached it one night, and, after insulting it by word of mouth, seized it by the beard and pulled it down upon himself with crushing effect. An endeavor, too, has been made to explain, by a like affront, followed by like consequences, the legend of Don Juan and the statue of the commander. Unhappily, in the case of Mr. Smith, the story is true. The monument that crushed him was a tombstone weighing upwards of half a ton.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### Mixing Soils to Produce Fertility.

The most productive kind of soils are a natural mixture of sand and clay, and known as loams. The nearer

soils can be made to resemble loams the better they will be. There

are many ways of improving inferior

soils, and one is rendering them fer-

tile by a proper admixture.

A soil, for instance, with too large a

percentage of clay in its composition

will be improved by an application of

sand or sandy loam. Calcareous, sandy

and peaty soils will respond favorably

to the addition of clay. Calcareous

earth may be added to clays, sands

and peats with the certainty of benefit.

The benefits arising from an admix-

ture of soils are twofold—the mechani-

cal texture is improved and the chemi-

cal composition of the soil is altered.

While there is no doubt but that

soils possessing defects in their physi-

cal and chemical properties may be

rendered productive by a proper ad-

mixture, it does not necessarily follow

that it will always pay to resort to this

method. For instance, a piece of very

stiff land might require so large a per-

centage of sand to be added in order to

make it as loose and friable in texture as is desirable that the operation will

involve more labor and expense than is

within ordinary farm practice.



